

AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

AN INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC
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W. J. WILLIAMS.
Corner Sixth and Tyler Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Daily News will be delivered by carrier anywhere in Amarillo, or by mail outside of the city, for \$5.00 a year, or 50 cents a month, in advance.

First Morning Newspaper in the Amarillo Country. Covers the Panhandle of Texas, Eastern New Mexico, Southern Colorado and Western Oklahoma from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance of Denver, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Oklahoma City and other papers carrying telegraphic dispatches.

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Society Editor.....14

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NEWS AND ADVERTISING.

The following, written by R. T. Porte for the Inland Printer, and published in a recent issue of that journal, is freighted with real interest and carries with it a worth that warrants its reproduction on account of its local and general application.

The line between what is advertising and what is news is not always very distinct, and just where each begins and ends is a matter that is very hard to decide.

We have all heard of the "Press Agent" whose duty it is to "put across" advertising matter in the shape of news, and whose most conspicuous employment has been in the theatrical business. The great (or alleged) success of these press agents has stirred others who desired publicity, and nearly every line of business has a press agent of some sort or other.

For instance, the dentists are alleged to have a national press agent whose duty it is to prepare articles on the care of the teeth, and stick them somewhere, something about going to the local dentist. Now, there is no good paper but would print an article that was instructive on the care of the teeth, as the subject is of interest to all, and educational—besides being useful, and perhaps a matter of news. But the idea that it also is a sort of an advertisement for the dentist may not strike you at once—although it can plainly be seen why such an article might bring a customer to the local dentist. However, it is a good thing for the dentist to get this sort of publicity. Maybe it is good for the paper to print the article, but it is advertising just the same.

There are other instances where the press agent has been more or less employed in getting readers' matter into papers that would cost immense sums, and perhaps even refused, that is gladly accepted as readers' matter, because it is clever and its advertising feature covered up, but there just the same.

Take the case of a local dry-goods store. Certain additions are made to the building, and the owner is expected to say something about it as a matter of news. Yet it is advertising.

The local doctor pulls a severe case safely through, and the paper prints it as a matter of news. Yet is it not advertising the doctor?

The local preacher holds a special meeting, or series of meetings. They are written up—but is that not advertising the meeting?

Where are we to begin and end—what is advertising and just what is news?

If the local papers were getting what they were entitled to for the advertising that is really classed as such, it would not be quite so bad, but in most cases all advertising is sold much below actual cost, and then all this free advertising thrown in for good measure.

And nothing has been said about all the "boosting" the local politicians get—often free, or for a little county or city printing—and that, too, done below cost.

There must be a line drawn between advertising and news and each paper, if it is to be a financial success, must see that real advertising is paid for—and that the price carries an actual profit, not a guess or maybe one.

1912 COTTON FIGURES

NOT YET AVAILABLE

Special to Daily News.

Washington, D. C., June 24.—The Department of Agriculture recently mailed out inquiries to their correspondents in Texas regarding the acreage of the 1912 cotton crop of that state. Similar inquiries were sent out last month, but a law recently enacted by congress requires the department to make their inquiry one month later than has been the custom in previous years. The results of the investigation will be given out by the department on July 3.

EXALL RECOMMENDS
SELECTION OF SEED

To the Small Grain Farmers of the State

It would be practically impossible to over estimate the value to the farmers, individually, and to all of the people, collectively, if every farmer could go at once into his wheat.

A dither small-grain fields and select in the bundle the choicest of the fields, where the grain is the heaviest and freest from weeds, and shock carefully to itself bundles enough to thresh twice as much seed as will be needed for the coming season. Just as soon as these specially selected bundles are dry enough in the small shocks, it will be advisable to re-shock them in larger shocks or small sacks, and to cap these shocks or stacks with pieces of tent cloth or heavy duck, say two yards square. A small piece of old iron, a stone or a small block of wood at each of the four corners of this cloth will hold it in place and will protect the grain from any rain that may fall. When the grain is thoroughly dry and you are ready to thresh it, see that the machine is cleaned of all weed seed and other grain and thresh these specially selected shocks first and put this grain away in a rat-proof bin until such time as you can screen it more carefully and separate the small from the larger grains, so that you will use only the choicest as seed. It will be well to put air pipes at a reasonable distance apart through the bin to prevent heating. Any kind of an air pipe that has a few airholes in it and is open and exposed to the air at each end, will answer this purpose. Not having these pipes, planks or rails, put through the body of the grain, while not nearly so good as the pipes, will to some extent ventilate it. Or better still, take three pieces of plank 1x5, or any convenient size, and make V-shaped pipes that are long enough to pass from one end to end or side to side of the bin through the grain. These pipes can be made strong enough to stand the pressure and still not be nailed tight enough to prevent the circulation of the air. Later in the season, when the hurry of the harvest time is over, get an old-fashioned wheat cleaning machine that will separate the light and small grains from the heavy. Failing to procure a cleaner, the same object can be obtained by using 2x5 plank and making a frame two by four feet with cross pieces, top and bottom, to brace it, and covering the bottom with wire netting of such size that the small grains will pass through and the larger ones will not. Swing this, which can easily be done, with No. 8 galvanized wire, and pour say a bushel of wheat at a time into this wire bottom box, and shake it until the small grains have passed through on the floor. Then by unhooking one end of the box, the larger grains can be poured on to a sheet or into a sack, repeating until all is separated. This is, of course, crude, tedious and slow, but if you have no better method of separating the bad from the good, it is worth a dollar for every cent it will cost. The probability is that ten per cent of the wheat, oats and barley or other grain in your field this year is infinitely superior to the other ninety per cent. If you plant all of it as is usually done, you invite deterioration at time to come. It would be just as reasonable to stop selecting the best animals you raise for breeding purposes and to turn them all loose promiscuously and hope for improvement, as it is to plant the inferior instead of the superior seed and expect to increase the weight and the value of your crops. If every seed of every kind that is planted in the state of Texas from now on were the most vigorous and best developed, the hardest at hand, the farmer could produce from his own granary, all other conditions being equal the crops of the state would be more than doubled. The weak seed may live, but their product will be of little value. The strong seed will live and the product will be of great value.

HENRY EXALL.

President Texas Industrial Congress.

Clubwomen's Convention.

San Francisco, Cal., June 24.—

Every train coming into San Francisco today swelled the number of arrivals of delegates to the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and from present indications the prediction that the attendance would establish a new high record will be more than fulfilled. Many of those arriving today came as members of delegations from state federations, while in some cases the clubs of a single city had chartered special trains for the transportation of their representatives.

The elaborate program of entertainment is to be ushered in tonight with a grand concert in the auditorium. Tomorrow afternoon there is to be a reception in the ballroom of the Palace Hotel, at which the delegates and clubwomen will have an opportunity to meet the officers and directors of the general federation. The first of the regular business sessions will be held Wednesday morning.

Dr. McMeans and Wreather have removed their offices to suite 28, new Fugate building. 1887c

Mrs. Meredith's
Method

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"If you think," Kathleen stretched her white arms above her head, lazily. "If you think that I am going to lose my freedom, my ease, by marrying a poor man, you are very much mistaken."

"Have girls lost all romance?" Little Mrs. Meredith's forehead was puckered in an anxious frown. "Why, then I was young, Kathleen, I thought only of love."

"And so you married dad, and you've had to scrimp and save and work and twist and turn. Oh, mother, has the game been worth the candle?"

Mrs. Meredith flashed a reproachful glance at her daughter. "Don't you think dad is worth everything?"

"Of course. But he's the one man in the world. All the rest aren't worth making sacrifices for."

"Wait till the one man comes to you," said little Mrs. Meredith. "When you care for any one you are generous to a fault, and I'm half afraid that if you ever do fall in love you'll be positively too meek for words."

"Yet a moment ago you said I had no romance," Kathleen told her.

"You haven't—yet, and I feel that you may make the mistake of running away from sentiment."

"Never fear. Donald won't let me run. Why, mother, he simply moons around and makes eyes at me, until I'm almost crazy. He's so silly."

"He's in love," said Mrs. Meredith, gently, "and he doesn't moon. He's genuinely miserable, and you don't give him credit for any depth of feeling."

Kathleen shrugged her shoulders. "If being in love would make me act



"Donald Will Get His Revenge Some Day."

like Donald does," she said. "I'd want to disappear from the face of the earth."

"Donald will get his revenge some day," said Mrs. Meredith, wisely, "you wait and see."

But Kathleen had no forebodings.

"I don't want to get married, Donald," she said, airily, that night, "so please don't ask me any more."

He stood before her pale and unhappy. "I shall not ask you," he said, sternly. "I am going away—to get over this."

Kathleen stared at him. "Why, where are you going?" she demanded.

"Abroad. My Aunt Betsy sent me a thousand dollars yesterday. She said she believed in giving money to people when it would do the most good, and not wait to die to let others get the benefit of wealth. I shall use my little fortune in learning to forget you."

"But I don't want to be forgotten," cried Kathleen. "I want to be friends—you know, nice good friends, Donald, without any silly sentiment." Her tone was coaxing, but he did not smile.

"Sentiment is not silly to me," he said. "My love for you is a part of my life; it will be like cutting off an arm to give you up. But I'm going to do it, Kathleen. I can't be a man and hang around you as I have for the past few months." He held out his hand, "Good-by and God bless you," he said.

"Oh, good-by," she responded in a dazed fashion, and laid her hand in his. Then she drew it away. "I won't say 'good-by,'" she insisted mutinously, "not right this minute. Let's have a last walk together. You know Browning tells of a 'Last Ride Together.' It always sounded dreadfully romantic."

"Have you no heart?" he asked, looking down at her, severely. "Are you so heart-whole and fancy-free that you do not understand how I suffer?"

For a moment she was shaken out of her frivolous mood by his earnestness. "Oh, I didn't mean to hurt you," she said, "but please let's go for a walk."

And so he yielded, as he had always done to her whim.

It was at a turn of the road that they met Arnold Granger.

"May I walk with you?" he asked, in his easy fashion.

"Surely," said Kathleen, and her smile flashed out. But as Arnold joined them, Donald stopped. "I must leave you now," he said, "I have so many things to do."

And when Kathleen protested, his stern glance closed her lips. "It was to be our last walk," he said, in an undertone. "But you could not keep it sacred to our parting. Can you keep anything sacred, Kathleen?"

He left her, but she comforted herself with the thought, "Oh, he'll see me before he goes."

But he did not see her. He did not even write a note of farewell. He simply slipped out of her life. Then—she loved him.

"Why, he's always been a part of my life," she sobbed on her mother's shoulder. "How could I know I was going to miss him?"

"Write and tell him," her mother advised.

But Kathleen was a proud little body. She could not bring herself to confess her change of feeling. But she did write a contrite little letter, asking pardon for her unkindness on that last day.

But no answer came to the letter.

"It serves you right," said the wise mother, and that was all the sympathy that Kathleen received.

She became a changed little maiden. She was very quiet now, and pale. "I know what he suffered," she cried, and when her mother found her one night weeping in the darkness of her room, "Oh, mother, please be sorry for me."

And her mother gathered her close, and said, "I can't be as sorry as I might, for love has made you feel, and that is the most wonderful thing that can happen to a woman."

But that night the little mother wrote a letter.

"She loves you, Donald," it said. "Don't punish her any more. I know that if you went away she would wake up. That is why I told you to go. Come back, come back now—hold your own—for the man who grovels at the feet of a woman must expect her to trample on his heart."

A month later Kathleen in the twilight was playing the old song which has such a sobbing cadence:

"In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
And the moon shines creeping,
Softly come and softly go."

"When the winds are sobbing faintly,
With a gentle, unknown woe,
Will you think of me, and love me,
As you did once long ago?"

Her fingers left the keys and her head went down on her arms.

Then it the stillness she heard a voice.

"Kathleen!"
"Donald!" She sat up, listening. "I have come back."

His voice seemed to sound from the center of the room, but in the darkness she could see nothing.

"Donald!" She groped her way toward the voice, and suddenly she was in his arms.

"I shall never let you go," he said, masterfully, as he bent his head to kiss her.

She tried to regain her old dominion over him. "You must leave it to me to say whether you shall go or stay," she said.

He laughed. "You shall have nothing to do with it, Kathleen," he told her. "You may think I am a cave man or a savage, but anything is better than being a slave. And I'm going to carry you off and marry you whether you say 'yes' or 'no,' sweetheart. And if you don't come willingly, I'm going to pick you up and put you on a horse in front of me, and run away with you."

Then she laughed. "Oh, I should love that, Donald. What do I care where I go, so that I go—with you?"

All P. D. Q. Messenger calls anywhere in city for ten cents. Phone 113. Pike Stroud. 1921c

Women Cast Their
Votes

At a recent meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the P. F. C., the following resolutions were adopted by unanimous vote:

"Whereas, we feel that the health of ourselves and families depend greatly upon the food we eat, and,

"Whereas, we have fully investigated the merits of the foods sold at the different groceries of Amarillo, be it

"Resolved, that we, collectively and individually, recommend the groceries and meats sold by the Griffin Grocery Company as fully meeting the most exacting requirements of purity."

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